

THE
REHEARSAL;
A
COMEDY.

Written by his Grace,
George late Duke of *Buckingham*.
To Expose some PLAYS then in Vogue,
and their AUTHORS.

WITH
A KEY and Remarks, necessary to Illustrate the most Material Passages, of this Piece, and to point out the Authors, and Writings here expos'd.

Never Printed with it before.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,
near the Water-side. 1709.

THE
REHEARSAL
A
COMEDY.

Written by Mr. Garrick.

George the Duke of Buckingham
To Examine some Plays then in Vogue
and their Authors.

WITH

Mr. and Mrs. Norton, waiting on Mr.
George the Duke of Buckingham, at
the Play, and to perform the Play,
and the Authors before the Duke.

Printed and Sold by W. Dilly, in Pall Mall.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by W. Dilly, in Pall Mall.
near the Theatre-Royal. 1769.

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THE
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NO one certainly is Ignorant, That the Town has had an eager Expectation of a *Key to the Rehearsal*, ever since it first appear'd in Print; and none has more earnestly desir'd it than my self tho' in vain. Till lately, a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, recommended me to a Person, whom he believ'd capable to give me farther Light into this Matter, than I had hitherto met with from any Hand.

In a short Time I trac'd him out; and when I had found him, he appear'd such a Positive, Dogmatical Spark, that I began to repent of my Trouble, in searching after him.

It was my Misfortune, in his Company, to begin a short Discourse of *Modern Poets*, and *Actors*; and immediately he fell into a great

great Passion, and swore, That there were very few Persons now Living, which deserv'd the Name of *good Dramatick Poets*, or *Natural Actors*; and declaim'd against the present Practice of the *English Stage*, with much Violence, saying, he believ'd the two *Companies* were join'd in a *Confederacy* against *Smithfield*, and resolv'd to ruin their Fair, by out-doing them in their Bombastick Bills, and ridiculous representing their Plays; adding, That he hop'd e're long Mr. *Collier*, and others wou'd write them down to the Devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent Decorum, and Action of former Years: And magnified the Poets of the last Age; especially *Johnson*, *Shakespear* and *Beaumont*.

I bore all this with tolerable Patience; knowing it to be too common with *Old Men*, to commend the *Past Age* and rail at the Present; and so took my leave of him for that Time, with an intent never to trouble him more; and without acquainting him with my Business.

When next I saw the Gentleman, my Friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertain'd by his *Cynical* Acquaintance. He laugh'd, but bid me not be discourag'd; saying, that Fit of Railing wou'd soon have been over; and when his just Indignation had spent it self, I might have imparted my Business to him, and re-

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The Publisher to the Reader.

ceiv'd some satisfactory Account. However, (said He) go to him again from me; take him to the Tavern, and mollify his Asperity with a Bottle; thwart not his Discourse, but give him his own way, and I'll warrant you he'll answer your Expectation.

I follow'd my Friend's Directions; and found the Event answerable to his Prediction.

Not long after I met him in *Fleet-street*, and carried him to the *Old Devil*; and ere we emptied one Bottle, I found him of a quite different Humour, from what I had left him in the Time before. He appear'd in his Discourse, to be a very Honest true *Englishman*; a Person of a competent Knowledge in the Affair I went to him about, and one who understood the *English Stage* very well: And tho' somewhat Positive, as I said before, yet I observ'd he always took Care to have Truth of his Side, before he affirm'd or deny'd any thing, with more than ordinary Heat; and when he was so guarded he was Immoveable.

When I had discover'd thus much and call'd for the second Bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the Cause of my addressing to him. He desir'd my Patience till he stept to his Lodgings, which were near the Tavern; and after a short Space he return'd, and brought with him the *Papers* which contain the following Notes.

When he had read them to me, I lik'd them so well, that I desir'd the Printing of them, provided they were *Genuine*: He assur'd me they were, and told me farther,

That, while this *Farce* was Composing, and Altering, he had frequent Occasions of being with the *Author*, of perusing his Papers, and hearing him Discourse of the several *Plays* he expos'd, and their *Authors*: Informuch, that few Persons had the like Opportunities of knowing his true Meaning as he himself had.

If any other Persons had known the *Author's* Mind so exactly, in all the several Particulars, 'tis more than Probable they wou'd have been made publick before now; but nothing of this Nature having appear'd these *Two* and *Thirty* Years; (for so long has this *Farce* flourish'd in Print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like Copy in being; and that these Remarks are *Genuine*, and taken from the great Person's own Mouth and *Papers*.

I was very well satisfy'd with this Account, and more desirous to Print it, than ever; only I told him, I thought it wou'd be very advantageous to the Sale of these *Annotations*, to have a *Preface* to them, under the Name of him who was so well acquainted with the *Author*; but cou'd not, by all the Arguments I was Master of, obtain his Consent; tho' we debated the Point a pretty while.

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He alledg'd for his Excuse, that such an Undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forc'd to name several Persons, and some of great Families, to whom he had been oblig'd; and he was very-unwilling to offend any Person of Quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his *Friends*, become his *Enemies*; though he shou'd only act the Part of an Historian; barely reciting the Words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a *Preface* of such absolute Necessity, you may easily recollect Matter enough from the Discourse which has pass'd between us, on this Subject, to enable your self, or any other for you to write one; especially if you consider, there are but two *Topicks* to be insisted on.

1. To give the Reader an Account of the Writer of this *Farce*.
2. The Motives which induc'd him to Compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he, but if you desire any further Direction in this Matter, meet me here to Morrow Night, and I will discourse more particularly on those two Heads, and then take my leave of you; wishing you good Success with your *Preface*, and that your *Key* may prove a *Golden* one.

Now, *kind Reader*, having receiv'd all the Instructions I could gain from my Resolute Spark, at our several Meetings, I must stand on my own Legs, and turn *Prefacer*, though against my Will: And thus I set out.

1. To tell you, what all Persons, who are any thing acquainted with the Stage, know already, *viz.* That this *Farce* was written by the most Noble *George Villers*, late Duke of *Buckingham*, &c. A Person of a great deal of Natural Wit and Ingenuity, and of excellent Judgment, particularly in Matters of this Nature. His forward Genius was improv'd by a Liberal Education, and the Conversation of the greatest Persons in his Time; and all these cultivated and improv'd by Study and Travel.

By the *former*, he became acquainted with the *Writings* of the most celebrated Poets of the late Age; *viz.* *Shakspear*, *Beaumont* and *Johnson*, (the last of whom he knew Personally, as being 13 Years Old when he died) as also with the Famous Company of Actors at *Black-Fryars*, whom he always admir'd.

He was likewise very intimate with the Poets of his Time, as *Sir John Denham*, *Sir John Suckling*, the Lord *Falkland*, *Mr. Sidney Godolphin*, (a near Relation to the Lord High Treasurer of *England* that now is, the Glory of that Antient Family) *Mr. Waller* and *Mr. Cowley*; on the last of whom he bestow'd a Gentile Annuity during his Life; and a Noble

ble Monument in *Westminster-Abby* after his Decease.

By *Travel* he had the Opportunity of observing the Decorum of *Foreign Theaters*; especially the *French*, under the Regulation of *Monfieur Corneille*, before it was so far *Italianated*, and over-run with *Opera* and *Farce* as now it is; and before the *Venom* thereof had cross'd the narrow *Seas* and *Poyson'd* the *English Stage*. We being naturally prone to imitate the *French* in their *Fashions*, *Manners*, and *Customs*, let them be never so *Vir- tious*, *Fantastick*, or *Ridiculous*.

By what has been said on this Head, I hope you are fully satisfy'd who was the Author of this Piece, which the Learned and Judi- cious *Dr. Burnet* (now Bishop of *Sarum*) calls a *Correction*, and an *Unmerciful Exposing*; and I believe, you have as little Cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this Great Person been indued with *Constancy* and *Steadiness* of Mind, equal to his other Abilities both *Natural* and acquir'd, he had been the most Compleat Gentleman in his Time.

I shall proceed *Secondly* to show,

2. The *Motives* which induc'd him to un- dertake it.

The *Civil War*; had silenc'd the Stage for almost twenty Years, tho' not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been

happy for *England*, if this had been the worst Effect of that War. The many *Changes* of *Government* that succeeded the Dissolution of the *Ancient Constitution* made the People very Uneasie, and unanimously desirous of its *Restitution*; which was effected by a Free Parliament, in the Year 1660.

This sudden *Revolution*, which is best known by the Name of *the Restoration*, brought with it many ill *Customs*, from the several Countries, to which the *King* and *Cavaliers* were retir'd, during their Exile; which prov'd very pernicious to our *English Constitution*, by corrupting our *Morals*; and to which the Reviving the *Stage*, and bringing Women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many Lewd, Senseless and Unnatural Plays, that ensued upon this great *Change*, did very much contribute.

Then appear'd such Plays as these, *The Siege of Rhodes*, 1 Part, Acted at the Cock-Pit, before the Restoration; *The Play-House to be Let*; *The Slighted Maid*; *The United Kingdoms*; *The Wild Gallant*; *The English Monsieur*; *The Villain*, and the like.

In the following Notes, you will meet with several Passages out of all these (except the *United Kingdoms*, which was never Printed) as you will out of several other Plays, which are here omitted.

Our *most Noble Author*, to manifest his just Indignation, and Hatred of this Fulsom New Way of Writing, us'd his utmost Interest and Endeavours to stifle it, at its first appearing on the Stage, by Engaging all his Friends to explode and run down these Plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his Life in Danger.

The Author of it being Nobly born, of an ancient and numerous Family, had many of his Relations and Friends in the *Cockpit*, during the Acting of it: Some of 'em perceiving his Grace to head a Party, who were very active in Damning the Play, by Hissing and Laughing immoderately at the strange Conduct thereof; there were Persons laid wait for him, as he came out; but there being a great Tumult and Uproar in the House, and the Passages near it, he escap'd; But he was threatned hard; however the Business was compos'd in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been inform'd.

After this, our *Author* endeavour'd by Writing, to expose the *Follies* of these New Fashion'd Plays in their proper Colours; and to set them in so clear a Light, that the People might be able to discover what *Trash* it was, of which they were so fond; as he plainly hints in the *Prologue*. And so set himself to the Composing of this *Farce*.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn; nor is it very material.

Thus

Thus much we may certainly gather from the Editions of the Plays reflected on in it, that it was before the End of 1663. and finish'd before the End of 1664. because it had been several times *Rebears'd*, the Players were perfect in their Parts, and all things in Readiness for its Acting, before the *Great Plague*, 1665. and that then prevented it.

But what was so ready for the Stage, and so near being Acted, at the breaking out of that *Terrible Sickness*, was very different from what hath since appear'd in Print: In that he call'd his Poet *Bilboa*; by which Name the Town generally understood Sir *Robert Howard* to be the Person pointed at, beside there very few of this New Sort of Plays extant, except these before mention'd; And more, than were in Being, cou'd not be Ridicul'd.

The Acting of this *Farce* being thus hindered it was laid by for several Years, and came not on the Publick Theatre, till the Year 1671.

During this Interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in Heroick Rhyme, and on the Death of Sir *William Davenant*, 1669. Mr. *Dryden* a new *Laureat* appear'd on the Stage, much admir'd, and highly applauded; which mov'd the Duke to change the Name of his Poet from *Bilboa*, to *Bayes*, whose Works you'll find often mention'd in the following *Key*.

Thus

Thus far, Kind Reader, I have follow'd the Direction of my new Acquaintance, to the utmost Extent of my Memory, without transgressing the Bounds he assign'd me; and am free from any Fear of having displeas'd him: I wish I cou'd justly say as much, with Relation to the Offences I have committed against your self, and all Judicious Persons who shall peruse this Address.

S. N.

PLAYS

PLAYS mentioned in this KEY:
with their Authors Names.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------|
| I. The Lost Lady. | Sir William Barkley. |
| II. Love and Honour. | Sir William D'Avenant. |
| III. Love and Friendship. | } Sir Will. Killigrew. |
| IV. Pandora. | |
| V. Siege of Rhodes. Part I. | |
| VI. Play-House to be Let. | } Col. Hen. Howard. |
| VII. United Kingdoms. | |
| VIII. Slighted Maid. | Sir Robert Stapleton. |
| IX. English Monsieur. | Mr. James Howard. |
| X. The Villain. | Major Tho. Porter. |
| XI. The Amorous Prince. | Mrs. Bhen. |
| XII. Wild Gallant. | |
| XIII. Maiden Queen, Prologue. | } Mr. Dryden. |
| XIV. Tyrannick Love, and Prologue. | |
| XV. Granada, II. Parts. | |
| XVI. Marriage Alamode. | |
| XVII. Love in a Nunnery. | |

A KEY

A
KEY
TO THE
REHEARSAL.

PAGE 7. Line 29. The usual Language of the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Esq; at the Rehearsal of his Plays.

Page 8. Line 17. He who Writ this not without Pain and Thought,
From *French* and *English* Theatres, has brought
Th' Exactest Rules, by which a Play is wrought.
The Unity of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled Chime,
Of *Johnson's* Humour, with *Corneille's* Rhime.
Prologue to the *Maiden Queen*.

P. 11. l. 8. The Part of *Amaryllis* was Acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves*: Who, at that time, was kept by Mr. *Bayer*.

P. 12. l. 30. Two Kings of *Brentford*, suppos'd to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke. See the 1st Note on the IV. Act.

P. 14. l. 32. There were printed Papers given to the Audience, before the Acting the *Indian* Emperor: Telling them, that it was the Sequel of the *Indian* Queen, part of which Play was written by Mr. *Bayer*, &c.

P. 15.

P. 15. l. 17. *Person, I Gad, I vow to Gad, and all that, is the constant Stile of Failer in the Wild Gallant: For which, take this short Speech instead of many.*

Failer. Really, Madam, I look upon you, as a Person of such Worth, and all that, that I vow to Gad, I Honour you of all Persons in the World: And tho' I am a Person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that, Madam, yet for a Person of your Worth and Excellency I would, &c. Wild Gallant, p. 8.

Ibid. l. 34. He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668. for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year.

P. 16. l. 32. *In Ridicule of this,*
So two kind Turtles, with a Storm is nigh,
Look up and see it gath'ring in the Sky;
Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves:
Leaving in Murmurs their unfinish'd Loves.
Pearch'd on some dropping Branch, they sit alone,
And Goo, and hearken to each others Moan.

Conquest of Granada, Part II. p. 48.

P. 17. l. 16. I am the Evening dark as Night.

Slighted Maid, p. 48.

Ibid. l. 30. Let the Men wear the Ditches.

Maids look to their Breeches,

We'll scratch them with Briars and Thistles.

Slighted Maid, p. 49.

P. 18. l. 12. *Abraham Ivory* had formerly been a considerable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards stupified himself so far with drinking Strong-Waters, that, before the first acting of this Farce, He was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands: For which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Salary.

Ibid. l. 21. *Drake Sen.* Draw up our Men; and in low Whispers give our Orders out.

Play-House to be Let, p. 100.

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A KEY to the Rehearsal. xvii

See the *Amorous Prince*, p. 20, 22, 39, 69. where you will find, all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whispers.

P. 21. l. 8. Mr. *William Wintershol* was a most Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the Best Instructor of others: He died *July* 1679.

P. 22. l. 11. See the 6th Note on the 3d Act.

Ibid. l. 26. He was a great Taker of Snuff; and made most of it himself.

P. 25. l. 6. The *Lost Lady*, by Sir Robert Stapleton.

Ibid. l. 9. Compare this with *Prince Leonidas* in *Marriage Alamode*.

Ibid. l. 29. In Imitation of this Passage.

As some fair Tulip, by a Storm oppress,
Shrinks up, and folds its Silken Arms to rest;
And, bending to the Blast, all Pale, and Dead,
Hears from within the Wind sing round its Head:
So shrouded up your Beauty disappears,
Unveil, my Love, and lay aside your Fears;
The Storm that caus'd your Fright, is past, and gone.
Conquest of Granada, Part I. p. 55.

P. 29 l. 19. Such easy Turns of State, are frequent in our Modern Plays; where we see Princes dethron'd, and Governments chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on slight Occasions; particularly in *Marriage Alamode*; a Play, writ since the first Publication of this Farce. Where (to pass by the Dullness of the State Part, the Obscurity of the Comick, the near Resemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Prettyman*, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd's; and not to question how *Amalthæa* comes to be a Princess, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our while, to observe, how easily the fierce and Jealous Usurper is depos'd. and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne; as it is thus related, by the said Imaginary Princess.

Amalthæa. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, show it now. *Leonidas*,

Broke

Broke on the sudden from his Guards, and snatching
 A Sword from one, his Back against the Scaffold.
 Bravely defends himself; and owns aloud
 He is our long lost King, found for this Moment;
 But, if your Valeurs help nor, lost for ever.
 Two of his Guards, mov'd by the Sense of Virtue,
 Are turn'd for him; and there stand at Bay,
 Against an Host of Foes.——

Marriage Alamode, p. 61.

This shows Mr. Bayes to be a Man of Constancy, and
 firm to his Resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own
 Method: Agreeable to what he says in the next Act. *As
 long as I know my things are Good, what care I what they
 say.*

Ibid. l. 28. I know not what to say, or what to Think!
 I know not when I sleep, or when I wake!

Love and Friendship, p. 46.

My Doubts and Fears, my Reason do dismay:
 I know not what to do, or what to say.

Pandora, p. 46.

P. 33. l. 1. Prince Prettyman, and Tom Thimble, Failer
 and Bibber his Taylor, in the *Wild Gallant*, p. 5, 6.

Ibid. l. 25. Nay, if that be all, there's no such Hast. The
 Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

Wild Gallant, p. 9.

Ibid. l. 32. Take a little Bibber
 And throw him in the River,
 And, if he will Trust never.
 Then let him lye ever.

Bibber. Then say I,

Take a little Failer
 And throw him to the Taylor,
 And there let him lye
 Till he has paid his Taylor.

Wild Gallant, p. 12.

P. 34. l. 4. A great Word with Mr. *Edward Howard*.
 Ibid. l. 33. See the 8th Note on the II. Act, p. 29.

P. 35. l. 21. *In Imitation of this.*

On Seas, and in Battles, through Bullets and Fire,
 The Danger is less, than in hopeless Desire;
 My Death's Wound you gave me; tho' far off I bear
 My Fall from your Sight, not to cost you a Tear:
 But if the kind Flood on a Wave wou'd convey,
 And under your Window my Body wou'd lay;
 When the Wound on my Breast you happen to see,
 You'll say with a Sigh, it was given by me.

This is the latter part of a Song, made by Mr. *Bayes* on
 the Death of Capt. *Digby*, Son of *George Earl of Bristol*,
 who was a Passionate Admirer of the Dutchess Dowager of
Richmond call'd by the Author *Armida*: He lost his Life in
 a Sea Fight, against the *Dutch*, the 28 of May, 1672.

P. 36. l. 22. See the two Kings in the *Conquest of Granada*.
 Ibid. l. 36. *Albert. Curtius*, I've something to deliver to
 your Ear.

Cur. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcome.

Amorous Prince, p. 39.

P. 39. l. 33. See the Prince in *Marriage Alamode*,

P. 42. l. 22. Let my Horses be brought ready to the Door;
 for I'll go out of Town this Evening.

Into the Country I'll with Speed,
 With Hounds and Hawks my Fancy feed, &c.
 Now I'll away, a Country Life
 Shall be my Mistress, and my Wife.

English Monsieur, p. 36, 38, 39.

P. 43. l. 5. And what's this Maid's Name, *Ibid.* p. 40.

Ibid. l. 16. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Siege of Rhodes. Part I. p. 10.

Ibid. l. 22. Mr. Comely in Love! *Englisk Monsieur*, p. 49.
 P. 44. l. 2. Sir William Davenant's Play of *Love and Honour*.
 Ibid. l. 22. But Honour says not so.

Siege of Rhodes, Part I. p. 19.

P. 45. l. 9. *Love in a Nunnery*, p. 34.
 P. 47. l. 15. Col. Henry Howard, Son of Thomas Earl of
Barkshire, made a Play, call'd the *United Kingdoms*,
 which began with a Funeral; and had also two Kings in it.
 This gave the Duke a just occasion to set up two Kings in
Brentford, as 'tis generally believed; tho' others are of
 Opinion, that his Grace had our two Brothers K. Charles
 and the D. of York in his Thoughts. It was Acted at the
 Cock-Pit, in *Drury-Lane*, soon after the Restoration;
 but miscarrying on the Stage, the Author had the Mo-
 desty not to Print it; and therefore the Reader cannot rea-
 sonably expect any particular Passages of it. Others say
 the two Kings are *Beabdalin* and *Abdalla*; and Mr. Dry-
 den has in most of his serious Plays two contending Kings
 of the same Place.

Ibid. l. 27. *Conquest of Granada* in Two Parts.

P. 50. l. 11. On Seas I bore thee and on Seas I dy'd.
 I dy'd: And for a Winding Sheet, a Wave
 I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

Conquest of Granada, Part II. p. 113.

Ibid. l. 26. *Almanzor* in the *Conquest of Granada*.

P. 51. l. 31. *In Ridicule of this.*

————— My Earthly Part

Which is my Tyrant's Right, Death will remove,
 I'll come all Soul, and Spirit to your Love.
 With silent Steps I'll follow you all Day;
 Or else, before you, in the Sun-Beams play.

P. 52. l. 1. I'll lead you thence to Melancholy Groves,
 And there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves:

Ibid. l. 5. At Night, I will within your Curtains peep,
 With empty Arms, embrace you, while you sleep.

In gentle Dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing Eye.

Ibid. l. 12. All Dangers from your Bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future Love.

And when at last in Pity you will dye,
I'll watch your Birth of Immortality.

Ibid. l. 22. Then, Turtle like, I'll to my Mate repair,
And teach you your first Flight in open Air.

Tyrannick Love, p. 25.

P. 54. l. 7. See the Scene in the *Villain*, p. 47, 48, 49, 50,
51, 52, 53.

Where the Host furnishes his Guests with a Collation out
of his Cloaths; a Capon from his Helmet, &c.

Ibid. l. 17. *Almah*. Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

Alman. He who dares love, and for that Love must die.

And knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

Granada, Part II. p. 114, 115.

Ibid. l. 28. It was at first *dares dye*, Ibid.

P. 55. l. 4. *Alman*. I would not now, if thou wou'd'st beg
But I will take my *Almahide* away. (me, stay;

Granada, p. 32.

Ibid. l. 17. *Alman*. Thou dar'st not marry her, while I'm in
Sight;

With a bent Brow, thy Priest, and thee I'll Fright:

And, in that Scene, which all thy Hopes and Wishes
shou'd content,

The Thoughts of me shall make thee Impotent.

Ibid. p. 5.

Ibid. l. 19. Spire of my self, I'll stay, fight, loye, despair:
And all this I can do because I dare.

Part II. p. 89.

P. 58. l. 9. *Max*. Thou lyest. There's not a God inhabits
there;

But, for this Christian, wou'd all Heaven forswear.

Ev'n *Jove* wou'd try new Shapes her Love to win,
And in new Birds, and unknown Beasts wou'd sin,
At least, if *Jove* cou'd love like *Maximin*.

Tyrannick Love, p. 17.

Ibid. l. 13. Some God now, if he dare relate what past :
Say, but he's dead, that God shall Mortal be.

Ibid. p. 7.

Provoke my Rage no farther, lest I be
Reveng'd at once upon the Gods, and Thee. p. 8.
What had the Gods to do with me, or mine. p. 57.

Ibid. l. 35. Poets, like Lovers, should be bold, and dare;
They spoil their Business with an over care :
And he who, servilely, creeps after Sence,
Is safe ; but ne'er can reach an Excellence.

Prologue to Tyrannick Love.

P. 60. l. 17. What various Noises do my Ears invade;
And have a Consort of Confusion made ?

Siege of Rhodes, p. 4.

P. 61. l. 4. *Naker*. Hark, my *Damilear*, we are call'd
below :

Dam. Let us go, let us go :

Go to remove the Care

Of longing Lovers in Despair, &c.

Tyrannick Love, p. 26, 27.

P. 62. l. 23. See *Tyrannick Love*, Act IV. Scene I.

P. 64. l. 11. What new Misfortunes do these Cries presage ?

1 *Mess.* Hast all you can their Fury to assuage;
You are not safe from their Rebellious Rage.

2 *Mess.* This Minute if you grant not their Desire,
They'll seize your Person and your Palace fire.

Granada, Part II. p. 71.

P. 66. l. 23. *Aglaure* and the *Vestal Virgin*, are so contriv'd by a little Alteration towards the latter End of them, that they have been Acted both ways, either, 2 Tragedies, or Comedies.

Ibid. l. 26.
ing of t
the Sieg
Musick
the Pla

Ibid. l. 29.

P. 67. l. 1.
Solym.

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Ibid. l. 15.

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P. 69. l. 1.

Aur.

Ibid

Ibid. l. 26. There needs nothing more to explain the meaning of this Battel, than the Perusal of the First Part of the Siege of Rhodes, which was perform'd in *Recitative Musick*, by seven Persons only : And the Passage out of the *Play-House to be let*.

Ibid. l. 29. *The Siege of Rhodes begins thus.*
Admiral. Arm, arm, Valerius, arm,

P. 67, l. 1. *The Third Entry thus*——

Solym. Pyrrhus draw down our Army wide,
Then from the Gross two strong Reserves divide,
And spread the Wings,
As if we were to fight,
In the lost Rhodians Sight,
With all the Western Kings.
Each with Janizaries line ;
The Right and Left to Haly's Soqs assign ;
The Gross, to Zangibah.
The main Artillery
To Mustapha shall be.

Bring thou the Rear, we lead the Van :
More Pikes ! more Pikes ! to reinforce
That Squadron and repulse the Horse.

Play-House to be let, p. 72.

Ibid. l. 15. Point all the Canon and play fast :

Their Fury is too hot to last,
That Rampier shakes ; they fly into the Town !

Pyr. March up with those Reserves, to that Redoubt.
Faint Slaves, the Janizaries reel.

They bend ! They bend ! and seem to feel
The Terrours of a Rout.

Must. Old Zanger halts, and Reinforcement lacks,

Pyr. March on !

Must. Advance those Pikes, and Charge their Backs.
Siege of Rhodes.

P. 69, l. 10. Phab. Who calls the World's Great Light ?

Aur. Aurora, that abhors the Night,

Phab.

Phæb. Why does *Aurora*, from her Cloud,
To drowie *Phæbus* cry so loud?

Slighted Maid, p. 8.

Ibid. l. 25. The Burning Mount *Vesuvio*.

Ibid. p. 81.

Ibid. l. 28. Drink, drink Wine, *Lipara* Wine.

Ibid. p. 81.

P. 70. l. 23. *Valeria*, Daughter to *Maximin*, having kill'd
her self for the Love of *Porphyrius*, when she was to be
carry'd off by the Bearers, strikes one of them a Box on
the Ear, and speaks to him thus—

Hold! are you mad, you damn'd confounded Dog?
I am to Rise, and Speak the Epilogue.

Tyrannick Love.

The End of the NOTES.

THE
REHEARSAL,

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Her Majesty's Servants.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*,
near the *Water-side*. 1709.

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PROLOGUE.

*WE might well call this short Mock-Play of ours
A Poësie made of Weeds, instead of Flowers ;
Yet such have been presented to your Noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this Night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, brisk insipid Rogues, for Wit, let fall
Sometimes dull Sense ; but oft'ner none at all ;
There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd Train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King Cambyles Vein,
For (changing Rules, of late, as if Men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art and Wit.)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Criticks, do your worst, that here are met ;
For, like a Rook, I have bedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve ; I shall assume the State
Of those High-flyers whom I imitate :
And justly too, for I will teach you more
Than ever they would let you know before :
I will not only shew the Feats they do,
But give you all their Reasons for 'em too.
Some Honour may to me from hence arise :
But if, by my Endeavours, you grow wise,
And what you once so prais'd, shall now despise ;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetick Rage,
'Tis I, John Lacy, have reform'd your Stage.*

The Actors Names.

B Ayes.	Tom Thimble.
Johnson.	Filsherman.
Smith.	Shirley.
2 Kings of Brentford.	Sun.
Prince Prettyman.	Thunder.
Prince Volscianus.	Players.
Gentleman Ulber.	Soldiers.
Physician.	Two Heralds.
Drawcanfir.	Four Cardinals.
General.	Mayor.
Lieutenant General.	Judges.
Cordelio.	Serjeants at Arms.

Mutes.

WOMEN.

Amaryllis.	Lightning.
Cloris.	Moon.
Parthenope.	Earth.
Pallas.	

Attendants of Men and Women.

SCENE BRENTFORD.

THE

THE
REHEARSAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Johnson and Smith.

Johns. **H**onest Frank! I'm glad to see thee
with all my Heart: How long
hast thou been in Town?

Smith. Faith, not above an
Hour: And, if I had not met you here, I had
gone to look you out, for I long to talk with you
freely, of all the Strange New things we have
heard in the Country.

Johns. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much
to laugh with you, at all the Impertinent, Dull,
Fantastical things, we are tir'd out with here.

Smith. Dull, and Fantastical! that's an excellent
Composition. Pray, what are our Men of Busi-
ness doing?

Johns. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou knowest
my humour lies another way. I love to please my
self as much, and to trouble others as little as I
can: And therefore do naturally avoid the Com-
pany of those solemn Fops; who, being incapable
of Reason, and insensible of Wit and Pleasure, are

always looking grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be thought Men of Business.

Smith. Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave Lookers are the dullest Men.

Johns. Ay, and of Birds, and Beasts too: Your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Ass.

Smith. Well; but how dost thou pass thy time?

Johns. Why, as I use to do; eat and drink as well as I can, have a she-friend to be private with in the Afternoon, and sometimes see a Play: where there are such things, (*Frank*) such Hideous, Monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid Nonsense of your Men of Business, as the more ingenious Pastime.

Smith. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays; and our Country Wits commend 'em.

Johns. Ay, so do some of our City Wits too; but they are of the New kind of Wits.

Smith. New kind! what kind is that?

Johns. Why your Virtuosi, your Civil Persons, your Drolls: Fellows that scorn to imitate Nature, but are given altogether to Elevate and Surprize.

Smith. Elevate, and Surprize! prithee make me understand the meaning of that.

Johns. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter: I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a Phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as near as I can, what it is. Let me see; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying; and every thing, but Thinking and Sense.

(*Mr. Bayes passes o'er the Stage.*)

Bayes. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very Servant, Sir.

Johns.

The Rehearsal.

7

Johns. Godso, this is an Author: I'll fetch him to you.

Smith. No, prithee let him alone.

Johns. Nay, by the Lord I'll have him. (*Goes after him.*) Here he is: I have caught him. Pray, Sir, now for my sake, will you do a Favour to this Friend of mine?

Bayes. Sir, it is not within my small Capacity to do Favours, but receive 'em; especially from a Person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this---Sweet Sir, your Servant.

Smith. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Johns. But wilt thou do me a Favour, now?

Bayes. Ay, Sir: what is't?

Johns. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

Bayes. How, Sir, the meaning? do you mean the Plot?

Johns. Ay, ay; any thing.

Bayes. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my Head; but I have a new one, in my Pocket, that I may say is a Virgin; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing. 'Tis all new Wit; and tho' I say it, a better than my last: and you know well enough how that took. In fine, it shall Read, and Write, and Act, and Plot, and Show, ay, and Pit, Box and Gallery, I'gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This Morning is its last Rehearsal, in their Habits, and all that, as it is to be Acted; and if You, and your Friend will do it but the Honour to see it in its Virgin Attire; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its Nakedness unto you.----- I think it is in this Pocket. (*Puts his Hand in his Pocket.*)

Johns. Sir, I confess, I am not able to answer you in this new way: but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you; and I hope my Friend will do so too.

Smith. Sir, I have no Business so considerable, as should keep me from your Company.

Bayes. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy: This is my Book of *Drama Common Places*: the Mother of many other Plays.

Johns. *Drama Common Places*! pray what's that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, some certain Helps, that we Men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

Smith. How, Sir, Helps for Wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my Position. And I do here aver, That no Man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has Parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it were by the help of these my Rules.

Johns. What are those Rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion, or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into Verse, *alternative* as you please.

Smith. Well; but how is this done, by a Rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easie when understood: I take a Book in my hand, either at Home or elsewhere, for that's all one; if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) and if it be Verse put it into Prose.

Johns. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transposing,

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, 'tis a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes.

The Rehearsal.

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Bayes. Make it my own. 'Tis so chang'd, that no Man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

Johns. We hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where witty Men resort: I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I slap it down, and make that too, my own.

Johns. But, Mr. Bayes, Are you not sometimes in danger of making you restore, by Force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

Bayes. No, Sir; the World's unmindful: They never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my Pocket.

Smith. What Rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other Men do; but presently turn over this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus*, *Montaigne*, *Seneca's Tragedies*, *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Claudian*, *Pliny*, *Plutarch's Lives*, and the rest, have ever thought upon this Subject: And so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

Johns. In deed, Mr. Bayes, this is, as sure, and compendious a way of Wit, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sirs, if you make the least scruple of the Efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the Effects.

Smith. We'll follow you, Sir.

(*Exeunt.*)

A 5

Enter

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your Part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without Book; but I don't understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my Life what Humour I'm to be in: whether Angry, Melancholy, Merry, or in Love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 *Play.* Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the New way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the Old, Plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspence; for to guess presently at the Plot, and the Sense, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: Now, here, every Line surprizes you, and brings in new Matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths, and Dances, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: And those are the things, you know, that are Essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us Money, 'tis no great matter.

Enter Bayes, Johnson and Smith.

Bayes. Come, come in Gentlemen. Y're very welcome. Mr.---a---Ha' you your Part ready?

1 *Play.* Yes, Sir.

Bayes. But do you understand the true Humour of it?

1 *Play.* Ay, Sir, pretty well.

Bayes. And *Amaryllis*, how does she do? Does not her Armour become her?

3 *Play.* O, admirably!

Bayes. I'll tell you, now, a pretty Conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

Smith.

The Rehearsal

11

Smith. What, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I make 'em call her *Armaryllis*, because of her Armour: ha, ha, ha.

Johns. That will be very well, indeed.

Bayes. Ay, it's a pretty little Rogue; I knew her Face would set off Armour extreamly: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. You must know she is my Mistress.

Johns. Then, I know another thing, little *Bayes*, that thou hast had her, I gad.

Bayes. No, I gad, not yet; but I'm sure I shall: for I have talk'd Baudy to her already.

Johns. Hast thou, faith? Prithee how was that?

Bayes. Why, Sir, there is, in the *French Tongue*, a certain Criticism, which, by the Variation of the Masculine Adjective instead of the Feminine, makes a quite different Signification of the word: As, for example, *Ma vie* is my Life; but if, before *vie* you put *Mon* instead of *Ma*, you make it Baudy.

Johns. Very true.

Bayes. Now, Sir, I having observ'd this, set a Trap for her, the other Day in the Tying-Room; for this said I, *Adieu bel Esperance de ma vie*; (which I gad is very pretty) to which she answer'd, I vow, almost as prettily, every jot; for said she, *Songes a ma vie Monsieur*; whereupon I presently snapt this upon her; *Non, non, Madam.--- Songes vous a mon*, by Gad, and nam'd the thing directly to her.

Smith. This is one of the richest Stories, Mr. *Bayes*, that ever I heard of.

Bayes. Ay, let me alone, I gad, when I get to 'em; I'll nick 'em I warrant you: But I'm a little nice; for you must know, at this time, I am kept by another Woman, in the City.

Smith. How, kept! for what?

Bayes. Why, for a *Beau Gerson*; I am, ifackins.

Smith.

Smith. Nay, then we shall never have done.

Bayes. And the Rogue is so fond of me, Mr. *Johnson*, that I vow to Gad, I know not what to do with my self.

Johns. Do with thy self! no; I wonder how thou canst make a shift to hold our, at this rate!

Bayes. O Devil, I can toil like a Horse; only, sometimes, it makes me Melancholy: And then I vow to Gad, for a whole day together, I am not able to say you one good thing if it were to save my Life.

Smith. That we do verily believe, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And that's the only thing, I gad, which mads me, in my Amours; for I'll tell you, as a Friend, Mr. *Johnson*, my Acquaintances, I hear, begin to give it out that I am dull: now I am the farthest from it in the whole World, I gad; but only forsooth, they think I am so, because I can say nothing.

Johns. Phoo, Pox! That's ill-natur'dly done of 'em.

Bayes. Ay, Gad, there's no trusting o' these Rogues; but---a-----Come, let's sit down. Look you, Sirs, the chief Hinge of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the Variety of all the several Accidents, which, you know, are the things in Nature that make up the grand Refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose Two Kings to be of the same place: As for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the People having the same Relations to 'em both, the same Affections, the same Duty, the same Obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of Devoir and Interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em; These Kings differing sometimes in particular; though in the

the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.)

Johns. I did not observe you, Sir : pray say that again.

Bayes. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my Notion of the Thing) the People being embarrass'd by their equal Ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own Interest, as the good of the People; may make a certain kind of a---- you understand me----upon which there does arise several Disputes, Turmoils, Heart-burnings, and all that---- In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it. *(Exit, to the Players.)*

Smith. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any Sense out of this.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your Opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either : (that is, the Prologue for the Epilogue, or the Epilogue for the Prologue): (do you mark?) nay, they may both serve too, I'gad, for any other Play as well as this.

Smith. Very well, That's indeed Artificial.

Bayes. And I would fain ask your Judgments, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue? For, you must know there is, in Nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by Civility, by Insinuation, good Language, and all that, to----a---- in a manner, steal your Plaudit from the Courtesie of the Auditors: the other, by making use of some Personal things, which may keep a hank upon such Censuring Persons,

sons, as cannot otherways, P'gad, in Nature, be hindred from being too free with their Tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great Huge Hangman behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out of good Nature, they will not like my Play, P'gad, I'll e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my Head off. Whereupon they all clapping---a---

Smith. Ay, But suppose they don't?

Bayes. Suppose? Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your Suppose, Sir; nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; P'gad, not one jot, Sir. Suppose quoth a! -- ha, ha, ha.

(Walks away.)

Johns. Phoo! prithee *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he is a Fellow newly come out of the Country; he knows nothing of what's the Relish, here, of the Town.

Bayes. If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the Old, Plain way; but I write for some Persons of Quality, and peculiar Friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

Johns. Ay, ay, they will clap I warrant you; never fear it.

Bayes. I'm sure the Design's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for Language, P'gad, I defie 'em all, in Nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred Sheets of Paper, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes: and withal, have appointed two or three Dozen of my Friends, to be ready in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then, pray,

The Rehearsal.

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pray, Sir, what becomes of your Suppose? ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Nay, if the Business be so well laid, it cannot miss.

Bayes. I think so, Sir: and therefore would chuse this to be the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better; because then they were engag'd: for let a Man write never so well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of Persons, they call Critiques, that, I'gad, have no more Wit in them than so many Hobby-horses; but they'll Laugh you, Sir, and find Fault, and censure things, that, I'gad, I'm sure, they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious Persons, that emulate the Glories of Persons of Parts, and think to build their Fame, by calumniating of Persons, that, I'gad, to my Knowledge, of all Persons in the World are, in Nature, the Persons that do as much despise all that---a--- In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

Johns. Nay, you have said enough of 'em, in all Conscience: I'm sure, more than they'll e'er be able to answer.

Bayes. Why I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious Persons, and choice Female Spirits, that have a Value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd, I'gad, before I would e'er more set Pen to Paper; but let 'em live in Ignorance like Ingrates.

Johns. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and if I were in your place, now, I would do so.

Bayes. No, Sir; there are certain Tyes upon me, that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my Hangman?

Smith.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

Bayes. But how do you like it, Sir? (for, I see, you can judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

Johns. Faith, Sir, 'tis so good, let it e'en serve for both.

Bayes. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

Johns. What other, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder and Lightning*.

Johns. That's Greater: I'd rather stick to that.

Bayes. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; tho' there have been many witty Prologues written of late, yet, I think, you'll say this is a *non pareille*; I'm sure no Body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be a Dialogue? and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by Civility, by good Nature, good Language, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, in *Terrorum*, I chuse for the Persons *Thunder and Lightning*. Do you apprehend the Conceit?

Johns. Phoo, Pox! then you have it Cock sure. They'll be hang'd before they'll dare to affront an Author, that has 'em at that Lock.

Bayes. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, dainty *Similes* in the whole World, I gad, if I knew but how to apply it.

Smith. Let's hear it, I pray you.

Bayes. 'Tis an Allusion to Love.

So Boar and Sow, when any Storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gathering in the Sky;
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chestnut Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves:

Penfive in Mud they wallow all alone,
And snore, and gruntle to each others Moan.
How do you like it now, ha?

Johns. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine: and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a Storm.

Bayes. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't: Mr. *Johnson* I thank you; and I'll put it in, perfecto. Come out *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

Enter Thunder and Lightning.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Bayes. Mr. *Cartwright*, prithee speak that a little louder, and with a hoarse Voice. I am the bold *Thunder*! Pshaw! speak it me in a Voice that *Thunders* it out indeed: I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

Bayes. Nay, you must be quick and nimble, The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Hector* of the Sky:

Light. And I fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die,

Thun. I strike Men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Criticks take heed how they grumble.
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their Graces,
Or I'll blast all the Paint on their Faces,
And dry up their Peter to Soot.

Thun. Let the Criticks look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you Dash for Dash.

Light. I'll give Flash for Flash.

Gallants, I'll singe your Feather.

Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.

Bath.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't; look to't, we'll do't.

(Twice or thrice repeated.)

(Exeunt Ambo.)

Bayes. There's no more. 'Tis but a Flash of a Prologue: a Droll.

Smith. Yes, 'Tis short indeed; but very Terrible.

Bayes. Ay, when the *Similes* in, it will do to a Miracle, I gad, Come, come begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1. Play. Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'll be here presently, he's but two Doors off.

Bayes. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and take a Pipe of Tobacco.

(Exeunt.)

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Bayes, Johnson, and Smith.

Bayes. NOW, Sir, because I'll do nothing here that ever was done before, instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this Play with a Whisper.

Smith. Umph! very new, indeed.

Bayes. Come, take your Seats. Begin, Sirs.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your Habit, I should guess you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And by your Gait and Fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the Healths of both our noble Kings, under the Notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Ush. And you, mine.

Phys.

Phys. Then let's embrace.

Ush. Come.

Phys. Come.

Johns. Pray, Sir, who are those so very civil Persons?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physician of the two Kings of *Brenesford*.

Johns. But, pray then, how comes it to pass, that they know one another no better?

Bayes. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Plot?

Johns. Very well.

Phys. Sir, to conclude.

Smith. What, before he begins?

Bayes. No, Sir; you must know, they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

Smith. Where, in the Tying-room?

Bayes. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening Storms, which, like impregnate Clouds, hover o'er our Heads, will (when they once are grasp'd but by the Eye of Reason) melt into fruitful Showers of Blessings on the People.

Bayes. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

Johns. Yes; that grasping of a Storm, with the Eye, is admirable.

Phys. But yet some Rumours great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false, (which none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find that-----

(*Whispers.*)

Bayes. Now he whispers.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the Noble--- (Whispers.)

Bayes.

Bayes. Again.

Ush. Who, he in grey?

Phys. Yes; and at the Head of---- (Whispers.

Bayes. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear.

These are the Reasons that have mov'd him to't;

First, He----

(Whispers.

Bayes. Now the other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, They----

(Whispers.

Bayes. At it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both He, and They----

(Whispers.

Bayes. Now they both whisper. (Exeunt Whispering.) Now, Gentlemen; pray tell me true, and without Flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

Johns. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

Bayes. Why, because it's New; and that's it I aim at. I despise your Johnson, and Beaumont, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own Fancy, I.

Smith. But what think you, Sir, of Sir John Suckling?

Bayes. By Gad, I am a better Poet than he.

Smith. Well, Sir, but pray why all this Whifpering?

Bayes. Why, Sir, (besides that it is New, as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and Matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

Smith. But then, Sir, why----

Bayes. Sir, if you'll but respite your Curiosity till the end of the Fifth Act, you'll find it a piece of Patience not ill recompenc'd. (Goes to the Door.

Johns.

The Rehearsal.

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Johns. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

Smith. Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as *Mr. Bayes* says) so Foolish, but I could give some guess at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confess, does go beyond my reach.

Johns. It is all alike: *Mr. Wintershout* has inform'd me of this Play already. And I'll tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here worth one Farthing, or like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the Practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good Language, it is, as I told thee, very Fantastical, most abominably Dull, and not one word to the purpose.

Smith. It does surprize me, I'm sure, very much.

Johns. Ay, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'll shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

Smith. Pox on't, but there's no Pleasure in him: he's too gross a Fool to be Laugh'd at.

Enter Bayes.

Johns. I'll swear, *Mr. Bayes*, you have done this Scene most admirably: tho', I must tell you, Sir; it is a very difficult matter to pen a Whisper well.

Bayes. Ay, Gentlemen, when you come to write your selves, O' my word, you'll find it so.

Johns. Have a care of what you say, *Mr. Bayes*; for *Mr. Smith* there, I assure you, has Written a great many fine things already.

Bayes. Has he, ifackins? Why then pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good Health.

Door.

Johns.

The Rehearsal.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do, when you write?

Smith. I take Pen, Ink, and Paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now, I write standing; that's one thing: and then, another thing is, with what do you prepare your self?

Smith. Prepare my self? what, the Devil, does the Fool mean?

Bayes. Why, I'll tell you, now, what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as Sonnets to *Armida*, and the like, I make use of stew'd Prunes only; but, when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take Physick, and let Blood: for when you would have pure Swiftness of Thought, and Fiery Flights of Fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the Belly

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable Receipt for Writing.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis my Secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. My be, Sir? I'gad, I'm sure on't: *Ex-perto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this Caution by the way, be sure you never take Snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoil'd me once, I'gad, one of the Sparkilhest Plays in all England. But a Friend of mine, at *Gresham College*, has promis'd to help me to some Spirit of Brains, and, I'gad, that shall do my Business.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter the Two Kings, Hand in Hand.

Bayes. Oh, These now are the two Kings of
Bensford; take notice of their Stile: 'twas never
yet upon the Stage; but, if you do like it, I could
make a Shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play,
writ all just so.

1 King. Did you observe their Whisper, Brother
King?

2 King. I did; and heard, besides, a grave Bird
sing,

That they intend, Sweet-heart, to play us Pranks.

Bayes. This is now, familiar, because they are
both Persons of the same Quality.

Smith. 'Sdeath, this would make a Man spew.

1 King. If that Design appears,
I'll lug 'em by the Ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2 King. And so will I, i'fack.

1 King. You must begin, *Mon foy*.

2 King. Sweet Sir, *Pardonnez moy*.

Bayes. Mark that: I make 'em both speak French,
shew their Breeding.

Johns. O, 'tis extraordinary fine!

2 King. Then spite of Fate, we'll thus combined
stand;

And, like true Brothers, walk still Hand
in Hand. (Exeunt Reges.)

Johns. This is a very Majestick Scene indeed.

Bayes. Ay, 'tis a Crust, a lasting Crust for your
ogue Criticks, I'gad: I would fain see the prou-
est of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I'gad,
if

if they do, this I shall rub their Gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, that have written a whole Play just in this very same Stile; but 'twas never Acted yet.

Johns. How so?

Bayes. I gad, I can hardly tell you for laughing; (ha, ha, ha.) it is so pleasant a Story: ha, ha, ha.

Smith. What is't?

Bayes. I gad, the Players refus'd to Act it, Ha, ha, ha.

Smith. That's impossible!

Bayes. I gad they did it, Sir, point blank refus'd it, I gad, Ha, ha, ha.

Johns. Fie, that was rude.

Bayes. Rude! Ay, I gad, they are the Rudest Uncivilest Persons, and all that, in the whole World, I gad: I gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. Johnson, I do verily believe, a whole Cart Load of things, every whit as good as this; and yet, I vow to Gad, these insolent Rascals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hand again.

Johns. Strange Fellows indeed!

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, how came these two Kings to know of this Whisper? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

Bayes. No, but that's the Actors Fault, and no mine; for the two Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their Heads in at the Door, just as the other went off.

Smith. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

Bayes. Done it! Ay, I gad, these Fellows are able to spoil the best things in *Christendom*. I'll tell you Mr. Johnson, I vow to Gad I have been so highly disoblig'd by the Pcreptoriness of these Fellows that I'm resolv'd hereafter, to bend my Thoughts wholly

wholly for the service of the Nursery, and mump
your proud Players, P'gad. So ; now Prince Pret-
tyman comes in, and falls asleep, making Love to
his Mistress, which, you know, was a grand In-
trigue in a late Play, written by a very honest
Gentleman: a Knight.

SCENE III.

Enter Prince Prettyman.

Pret. How strange a Captive am I grown of
late !

Shall-I accuse my Love, or blame my Fate ?

My Love, I cannot ; that is too Divine:

And, against Fate what Mortal dares repine ?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some Comet, is it not ? (Lies down.)

Bayes. Blazing Comet ! mark that ; I'gad, very
fine !

Pret. But I am so surpriz'd with Sleep, I cannot
speak the rest. (Sleeps.)

Bayes. Does not that, now, surprize you, to fall
asleep in the nick ? His Spirits exhale with the
Heat of Passion, and all that, and swoop falls asleep,
as you see. Now here she must make a Simile.

Smith. Where's the necessity of that, Mr. Bayes ?

Bayes. Because she's surpriz'd. That's a general
Rule, you must ever make a Simile, when you are
surpriz'd ; 'tis the New way of Writing.

Cloris. As some tall Pine, which we, on Aetna, find
T' have stood the Rage of many a boist'rous Wind,
Feeling without, that Flames within do play,
Which would consume his Root and Sap away ;
He spreads his woofsted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies:

B

So.

So, shrowded up, your bright Eye disappears.
Break forth, bright scorching Sun, and dry my
Tears. (Exit.

Johns. Mr. Bayes, methinks, this *Simile* wants a little Application too.

Bayes. No, faith; for it alludes to Passion, to Consuming, to Dying, and all that; which, you know, are the Natural Effects of an Amour. But I'm afraid, this Scene has made you sad; for I must confess, when I writ it, I wept my self.

Smith. No, truly, Sir, my Spirits are almost exhald' too, and I am likelier to fall asleep.

Prince Prettyman starts up and says--

Pret. It is resolv'd. (Exit.

Bayes. That's all.

Smith. Mr. Bayes, may one be so bold as to ask you a Question, now, and you not be angry?

Bayes. O Lord! Sir, you may ask me any thing what you please; I vow to Gad, you do me a great deal of Honour: you do not know me, if you say that, Sir.

Smith. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has resolv'd in his sleep?

Bayes. Why, I must confess, that Question is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this New way of Writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my Fellow-Writers, where as they keep their *Intrigo* secret, till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, (do you mark me) ---a---

Smith. Begin the Play, and end it, without even opening the Plot at all?

Bayes. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for Bayes. I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of Business: pray observe

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observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise Discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Discourse I over-heard once betwixt two Grand, Sober, Governing Persons.

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush. Come, Sir; let's state the matter of Fact, and lay our Heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our Heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my Head close to it, with a Snuff-box in my hand, and then I segue it away, i' faith.

Bayes. I do just so, I gad, always.

Ush. The grand Question is, Whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus.

Phys. Yes, it must be divided so indeed.

Smith. That's very Complaisant, I swear, Mr. Bayes, to be of another Man's Opinion, before he knows what it is.

Bayes. Nay, I bring in none, here, but well-bred Persons, I assure you.

Ush. I divided the Question into, When they heard, What they heard, and Whether they heard or no.

Johns. Most admirably divided, I swear!

Ush. As to the When; you say, just now: So that is answer'd. Then, as for What; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last Question, *Videlicet*, Whether they heard or no?

Smith. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. Bayes.

Bayes. Ay, you have it right: they are both Politicians.

Ush. Pray, then, to proceed in Method, let me ask you that Question.

Phys. No, you'll answer better, pray let me ask it you.

Ush. Your Will must be a Law.

Phys. Come then, what is it I must ask?

Smith. This Politician, I perceive, Mr. *Bayes*, has somewhat a short Memory.

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, that t'other is the main Politician, and this is but his Pupil.

Ush. You must ask me, Whether they heard us whisper.

Phys. Well, I do so.

Ush. Say it then.

Smith. Hey day! here's the bravest work that ever I saw.

Johns. This is mighty methodical!

Bayes. Ay, Sir; that's the way: 'tis the way of Art; there is no other way, I'gad, in Business.

Phys. Did they hear us whisper?

Ush. Why, truly, I can't tell; there's much to be said upon the word Whisper: to whisper, in Latin is *susurrare*, which is as much as to say, to speak softly; now, if they heard us speak softly, they heard us whisper: but then comes in the *Quomodo*, the how; how did they hear us whisper? Why, as that, to there are two ways: the one by Chance or Accident, the other on purpose; that is, with Design to hear us whisper.

Phys. Nay, if they heard us that Way, I'll never give 'em Physick more.

Ush. Nor I e'er more will walk abroad before 'em.

Bayes. Pray mark this; for a great deal depends upon it, towards the latter end of the Play.

Smith. I suppose, that's the Reason why you brought in this Scene, Mr. *Bayes*?

Bayes

Bayes. Partly, it was, sir; but, I confess, I was not unwilling, besides, to shew the World a pattern, here, how Men should talk of Business.

Johns. You have done it exceeding well, indeed.

Bayes. Yes; I think, this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no body else will take us.

Smith. Not for Politicians. I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan:

We are not safe until we them Unthrone.

Ush. 'Tis right:

And since occasion now seems debonair,

I'll seize on this, and you shall take that Chair.

(They draw their Swords, and sit down in the two great Chairs upon the Stage.)

Bayes. There's now an odd surprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topsie-turvy, without any pother or stir in the whole World, I'gad.

Johns. A very silent Change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

Bayes. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again by and by, in as odd a way every jor.

(The Usurpers march out flourishing their Swords.)

Enter Shirly.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a Change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say. *(Exit.)*

Johns. Mr. Bayes, in my Opinion, now, that Gentleman might have said a little more, upon this occasion.

Bayes. No, Sir, not at all; for I under-writ his Part, on purpose to set off the rest.

Johns. Cry you mercy, Sir.

Smith. But, pray, Sir, how came they to Depose the Kings so easily?

Bayes. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one Reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

Smith. O, very well: now I'm fully satisfi'd.

Bayes. And then to shew you, Sir, it was not done so very easily neither; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

Smith. O, ho: so then you make the struggle to be, after the Business is done?

Bayes. Ay.

Smith. O, I conceive you: that, I swear, is very natural.

SCENE V.

Enter four Men at one Door, and four at another, with their Swords drawn.

1 Soldier. Stand: Who goes there?

2 Sold. A Friend.

1 Sold. What Friend?

2 Sold. A Friend to the House.

2 Sold. Fall on. *(They all kill one another. Musick strikes.)*

Bayes. Hold, hold. *(To the Musick. It ceaseth.)* Now here's an odd Surprize: all these dead Men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead Men? remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on. *(To the Musick. The Musick play his Note, and the dead Men rise; but cannot get in order.)* Now, now, now, O Lord, O Lord! Out, out, out! Did ever Men spcil a good thing so! no Figure, no Ear, no Time, no Thing? Udzookers, you dance worse than the Angels in *Harry the Eighth*, or the fat Spirits in the *Tempest*, I gad.

1 Sold. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

Bayes.

The Rehearsal.

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Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why Gentlemen, if there be any Faith in a Person that's a Christian, I sat up two whole Nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the Business: for, if you observe, there are two several Designs in this Tune; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead. (*Lies down flat upon his Face.*) Now mark my Note *Effaut flat*. Strike up Musick. Now. (*As he rises up hastily, he falls down again.*) Ah, Gadsookers, I have broke my Nose.

Johns. By my troth, Mr. Bayes, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut*.

Bayes. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your Nails, and your Tenter-hooks, that a Gentleman cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his Nose, and his Face, and the Devil and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown Paper?

Smith. No indeed, Sir; I don't usually carry any about me.

2d Sol. Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

Bayes. Go, go then; I'll follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you dance like Horsemen. (*Exit Bayes.*)

Smith. Like Horsemen! what, a Plague, can that be? (*They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.*)

1d Sold. A Devil! let's try this no longer: play my Dance that Mr. Bayes found fault with so.

(*Dance & Exeunt.*)

Smith. What can this Fool be doing all this while about his Nose?

Johns. Prithee let's go see. (*Exeunt.*)

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bayes with a Paper on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. **N**OW, Sirs, this I do, because my Fancy, in this Play, is to end every Act with a Dance.

Smith. Faith, that Fancy is very good, but I should hardly have broke my Nose for it, tho'.

Johns. That Fancy, I suppose, is new too.

Bayes. Sir, all my Fancies are so, I tread upon no Man's heels: but make my flight upon my own Wings, I assure you. Now, here comes a Scene of sheer Wit, without any Mixture in the whole World, I gad, between Prince *Prettyman* and his Taylor: it might properly enough be call'd a Prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another Snip snap, Hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'others upon him, Slap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, Dash with a new Concept: and so eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage.

(Goes to call the Players.)

Smith. What a Plague does this Fop mean by his Snip snap, Hit for hit, and Dash?

Johns. Mean! why, he never meant any thing in's Life: what dost talk of meaning for?

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Prettyman and Tom Thimble.

This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well Acted; for 'tis as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuff'd with Cloves, as for Conceit.

Pret.

Pret. But prithee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs Marry? If nine Taylors make but one Man, and one Woman cannot be satisfied with nine Men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, throw?

Bayes. Good!

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the Work I cut out, I shan't want Journey men enough to help me, I warrant you.

Bayes. Good again!

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, tho', *Tom*, won't work by the Day, but by the Night.

Bayes. Good still!

Thim. However, if my Wife sits but cross leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you, Sir, for your Coronation Sure.

Bayes. Very good, I faith!

Pret. Why, the Times then liv'd upon Trust; it was the Fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: a Taylor, you know, must never be out of Fashion.

Bayes. Right!

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your Cloaths in the Court Fashion, for you never paid me yet.

Bayes. There's a Bob for the Court!

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp Rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Bayes. There's Pay upon Pay! as good as ever was written, I gad!

Thim. Ay, Sir, in your own Coin: you give me nothing but words.

Bayes. Admirable, before Gad!

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another Coin for thee; for now the Wars are coming on, I shall grow to be a Man of Metal.

Bayes. O, you did not that half enough.

Johns. Methinks he does it admirably.

Bayes. Ay, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his Part.

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd your self, Sir. I shall see you come home like an Angel for the King's-Evil, with a hole bor'd through you.

(Exeunt.)

Bayes. Ha, there he has it up to the Hilt, I gad! How do you like it now, Gentlemen? Is not this pure Wit?

Smith. 'Tis Snip, snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks not Pleasant, nor to the Purpose, for the Play does not go on.

Bayes. Play does not go on! I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

Smith. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

Bayes. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

Smith. O, I did not know that before.

Bayes. No, I think you did not not: nor many things more that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the Bane of all us Writers: let us soar but never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never under understand it, they can never conceive you, Sir, the Excellency of these things.

Johns. 'Tis a sad Fate, I must confess: but you write on still, for all that?

Bayes. Write on? Ay, I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their Talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that Lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things are good, what care I, what they say? What, are they gone, without singing my last new Song? 'Sbud, would it were in their Bellies. I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, if I have any

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any Skill in these Matters, I vow to God, this Song is peremptorily the very best that ever yet was written: you must know, it was made by *Tom Thimble's* first Wife after she was dead.

Smith. How, Sir! after she was dead?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, after she was dead. Why, what have you to say to that?

Johns. Say, why, nothing: he were a Devil that had any thing to say to that!

Bayes. Right!

Smith. How did she come to die, pray Sir?

Bayes. Phoo! that's no matter; by a Fall: but here's the Conceit, that upon his knowing she was kill'd by an Accident, he supposes, with a Sigh, that she dy'd for Love of him.

Johns. Ay, ay, that's well enough: let's hear it, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. 'Tis to the Tune of *Fair Armida, On Seas and in Battels, in Bullets, and all that.*

S O N G.

*I*N Swords, Pikes, and Bullets, 'tis safer to be,
Than in a strong Castle, remoted from thee:
My Death's-bruise pray think you gave me, tho' a Fall
Did give it me more, from the top of a Wall;
For then if the Moat on her Mud would first lay,
And after before you my Body convey:
The Blue on my Breast when you happen to see,
You'll say, with a Sigh, there's a True Blue for me.

Ha, Rogues! when I am merry, I write these things as fast as hops, I gad; for you must know I am as pleasant a Debauchee, as ever you saw: I am i' faith.

Smith. But Mr. *Bayes*, how comes this Song in here? for, methinks, there is no great occasion for it.

Bayes.

Bayes. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghosts, and Dances, if you mean to-----a----

Johns. Pit, Box, and Gallery, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. I'gad, and you have nick'd it: Hark you, Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, a Gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

Johns. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much Honour!

Bayes. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, I'faith this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have Wit by the Judgment you make of this Play; for that's the Measure I go by: my Play is my Touchstone. When a Man tells me such a one is a Person of Parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, I'gad. Now here we go on to our Business.

SCENE II.

Enter the Two Usurpers, hand in hand.

Ush. But what's become of *Volscius* the great, His Presence has not grac'd our Courts of late?

Phys. I fear some Ill, from Emulation sprung, Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

Bayes. Is not that Majestical?

Smith. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

Bayes. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with
Parthenope.

Smith. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

Cor. My Lieges, News from *Volscius* the Prince.

Ush. His News is welcome, whatsoe'er it be.

Smith.

Smith. How, Sir, do you mean whether it be good or bad?

Bayes. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience: Godfookers, you'll spoil all the Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent Question you ask.

Smith. Cry you Mercy, Sir.

Bayes. His Highness, Sirs, commanded me to tell you,

That the Fair Person whom you both do know,
Despairing of Forgiveness for her Fault,
In a deep Sorrow, twice she did attempt
Upon her precious Life; but by the Care
Of Standers-by prevented was.

Smith. 'Sheart, what Stuff's here!

Cor. At last

Volscius the Great this dire Resolve embrac'd:
His Servants he into the Country sent,
And he himself to *Peccadille* went,
Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that she's dead.

Ush. Dead! is that possible? Dead!

Phys. O ye Gods!

(*Exeunt.*

Bayes. There's a smart Expression of a Passion;
O ye Gods! That's one of my bold Strokes, 'I gad.

Smith. Yes; but who is the Fair Person that's dead?

Bayes. That you shall know anon, Sir,

Smith. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

Bayes. Perhaps you may find too, by and-by, for all this that she's not dead neither.

Smith. Marry, that's good News indeed: I am glad of that, with all my heart.

Bayes. Now here's the Man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her.

(*A great shout within.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Amaryllis with a Book in her hand, and Attendants.

Ama. What Shout Triumphant's that?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Shy Maid, upon the River Brink, near *Trip'tam Town*, the false *Affassinate* is ta'en.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this Deliverance.

I hope its slow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future End.

Bayes. Pish, there you are out; to all Future end?
No, no; to all future End: you must lay the Accent upon End, or else you lose the Conceit.

Smith. I see you are very perfect in these Matters.

Bayes. Ay, Sir: I have been long enough at it, one would think, to know something.

Enter Soldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy Mind?

To attack the noblest Soul of Humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Prettyman*.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Prettyman*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Prettyman* hire you to kill Prince *Prettyman*?

Fish. No: Prince *Volscius*.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Volscius*.

Ama. What did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill Prince *Volscius*?

Fish. No; Prince *Prettyman*.

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Ann. So drag him hence,
Till Torture of the Rack produce his Sense.

(*Exeunt.*)

Bayes. Mark how I make the Horrour of his Guilt confound his Intellects; for he's out at one and t'other: and that's the Design of this Scene.

Smith. I see, Sir, you have a several Design for every Scene.

Bayes. Ay, that's my way of Writing; and so, Sir, I can dispatch you a whole Play, before another Man, I'gad, can make an end of his Plot.

SCENE IV.

So now enter Prince *Prettyman* in a Rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Prettyman*? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie! all's marr'd, I vow to Gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Prettyman.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir, now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to Gad, Mr.-----a----- I would not give a Button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

Bayes. What Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in Choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a Man be eternally telling you of these things?

Johns. Sure this must be some very notable Matter that he's so angry at.

Smith. I am not of your Opinion.

Bayes. Pish, come let's hear your Part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father; why d'ye keep him from me? Altho' a Fisherman, he is my Father.

Was ever Son yet brought to this Distress,
To be, for being a Son, made Fatherless?

Ah,

Ah, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father:
The being of a Son take from rather. (*Exit.*)

Smith. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

Johns. A Devil, this is worst of all, *Mr. Bayes*; pray what's the meaning of this Scene?

Bayes. O, cry you Mercy, Sir: I protest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

Smith. How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

Bayes. Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a Question's there! did ever any Man ask such a Question? Godsookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd Question. What was I going to say?

Johns. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

Bayes. Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman; and brought up as his Child.

Smith. Indeed?

Bayes. Nay, prithee hold thy Peace. And so, Sir, this Murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon Suspicion, was seiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

Smith. So, so, now 'tis very plain.

Johns. But *Mr. Bayes*, is not this some Disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fisherman's Son? Have a Care of that, I pray.

Bayes. No, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see.

Enter Prettyman and Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods I'll set the World on Fire, Rather than let 'em Ravish hence my Sire.

Thim.

The Rehearsal.

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Thim. Brave *Prettyman* is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd,

Bayes. Lo you now: there he's off again.

Johns. Admirably done, i' aith!

Bayes. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this Darkness can evince?

Sometimes a Fisher's Son, sometimes a Prince,

It is a Secret, great as is the World;

In which, I like the Soul, am toss'd and hurl'd.

The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot,
And when she writ my Name, she made a Blot.

(Exit.)

Bayes. There's a blust'ring Verse for you now!

Smith. Yes, Sir; but why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fisherman's Son?

Bayes. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be no Bodies Son at all.

Smith. Nay, that would trouble a Man, indeed.

Bayes. So let me see.

SCENE V.

Reads, Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town.

Smith. I thought he had been gone to Pecendille.

Bayes. Yes, he gave it out so; but that was only to cover his Design.

Johns. What Design?

Bayes. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge*.

Johns. I see here's a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. Yes, now it begins to break; but we shall have a world of more Business anon.

Enter

Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amaryllis, and Harry with a Riding Cloak and Boots.

Ama. Sir, you are Cruel, thus to leave the Town,
And to retire to Country Solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at
least

Have held the Honour of your Company.

Bayes. Held the Honour of your Company! prettily exprest! Held the Honour of your Company! Godsookers, these Fellows will never take notice of any thing.

Johns. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly: I don't know what he does.

Bayes. Ay, ay, he's a little envious; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single Boon obtain,
That you will here, with poor Us, still remain
Before your Horses come pronounce our Fate,
For then, alas! I fear, 'twill be too late.

Bayes. Sad!

Volf. Harry, my Boots; for I'll go rage among
My Blades encamp'd, and quit this Urban throng.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep
any Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

Bayes. In *Knights-bridge*? stay.

Johns. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his Friends.

Bayes. His Friends! Ay, Sir, his intimate Acquaintance; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

Smith. Yes, faith, so it might be very easie.

Bayes. Nay, If I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him, presently.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, that I know not what to think.

Enter

The Rehearsal.

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Enter Parthenope.

Volf. Bless me ! how frail are all my best Resolves !
How, in a Moment, is my Purpose chang'd !
Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.
Fair, Madam, give me leave to ask her Name,
Who does so gently rob me of my Fame ?
For I should meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my Renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town
Walls,

And me, her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Bayes. Now that's the *Parthenope* I told you of.

Johns. Ay, ay, I gad you are very right.

Volf. Can vulgar Vestments High-born Beauty
Shroud ?

Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.

Bayes. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud ! A,
Godsookers, what a Conceit is there !

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. *(Exit.)*

Volf. O inauspicious Stars ! that I was born
To sudden Love, and to more sudden Scorn !

Ama. } How ! Prince *Volscius* in Love ? Ha, ha, ha.

Clor. } *(Exit laughing.)*

Smith. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some Jest
here, that they laugh at so.

Bayes. Why, did you not observe ? He first re-
solves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pul-
ling on his Boots falls in Love with her, Ha, ha, ha.

Smith. Well ; and where lies the Jest of that ?

Bayes. Ha ? *(Turns to Johnson.)*

Johns. Why ; in the Boots : where should the
Jest lie ?

Bayes. I gad you are in the right : it does *(Turns*
to Smith) lie in the Boots----Your Friend, and I
know where a good Jest lies, tho' you don't, Sir.

Smith. Much good do't you, Sir.

Bayes.

Bayes. Here, now, Mr. *Johnson*, you shall see a Combat between Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

Volscius sits down to pull on his Boots! *Bayes* stands by and over acts the Part as he speaks it.

Vols. How has my Passion made me *Cupid's* Scoff!

This hasty Boot is on, the other off,

And fullen lies with Amorous Design

To quit loud Fame, and make that Beauty mine.

Smith. Prithce mark what pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to Act this Speech himself!

Johns. Yes, the Fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. My Legs, the Emblem of my various Thought, shew to what sad Distraction I am brought.

Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this Boot,

My Mind is guarded, and resolv'd: to do't:

Sometimes again, that very Mind, by Love

Disarm'd, like this other Leg does prove,

shall I to Honour or to Love give way?

Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay:

Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both Boots on;

But softer Love does whisper, put on none.

What shall I do? what Conduct shall I find

To lead me through this Twilight of my Mind?

For as bright Day with black approach of Night

Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling Light;

so does my Honour and my Love together

Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

(Goes out hopping with one Boot on, and the other off.)

Johns. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

Bayes. Ay, is't not now, I'gad, ha: For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this Occasion, is a

thousand

thousand times better than any Conclusion in the World, I'gad.

Johns. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, that hip hop, in this place, as you say, does a very great deal.

Bayes. O, all in all Sir; they are these little things that mar, or set off a Play: as I remember once, in a Play of mine, I set off a Scene I'gad, beyond Expectation, only with a Petticoat, and the Belly-ake.

Smith. Pray, how was that, Sir?

Bayes. Why, sir, I contriv'd a Petticoat to be brought in upon a Chair, (no body knew how) into a Prince's Chamber, whose Father was not to see it, that came in by chance.

Johns. God's my life, that was a notable Contrivance indeed.

Smith. Ay but, Mr. *Bayes*, how could you contrive the Belly-ake?

Bayes. The easiest i'th' World, I'gad: I'll tell you how; I made the Prince sit down upon the Petticoat, no more than so, and pretended to his Father that he had just got the Belly-ake: Whereupon, his Father went out to call a Physician, and his Man ran away with the Petticoat.

Smith. Well, and what follow'd upon that?

Bayes. Nothing, no Earthly thing, I vow to Gad.

Johns. O' my word, Mr. *Bayes*, there you hit it.

Bayes. Yes, It gave me a world of content. And then I paid 'em away besides, for I made 'em all talk Baudy; ha, ha, ha; beastly, downright Baudry upon the Stage, I'gad; ha, ha, ha, but with an infinite deal of Wit, that I must say.

Johns. That, we know well enough, can never fail you.

Bayes. No, I'gad, can't it. Come bring in the Dance.

(Exit to call 'em.

Smith.

Smith. Now, the Devil take thee for a silly, confident, unnatural, fulsome Rogue.

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Pray dance well, before these Gentlemen; you are commonly so lazy; but you should be light and easie, tah, tah, tha.

(All the while they dance, Bayes puts 'em out with teaching 'em.)

Well, Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not deceiv'd, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their Motions, and all that.

Smith. I don't know how 'twill take, Sir; but I am sure you sweat hard for't.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

Smith. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

Bayes. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day; but, I gad these Players are such dull Persons, that if a Man be not by 'em upon every Point, and at every Turn I gad, they'll mistake you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready?

Play. Yes, Sir.

Bayes. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

Bayes. Stay then, I'll do it my self.

Smith. Come, let's go with him.

Bayes. A Match. But, Mr. Johnson, I gad, I am not like other Persons; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get Money for 'em: Now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be in every Circumstance, to every particular, I gad; I am no more able to endure it. I am not my self, I'm out of my Wits, and all

that, I'm the strangest Person in the whole World.
For what care I for Money? I write for Fame,
and Reputation. *(Exeunt.)*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bayes, and the two Gentlemen.

Bayes. **G**entlemen, because I would not have any
two things alike in this Play, the last
Act beginning with a witty Scene of Mirth, I
make this to begin with a Funeral.

Smith. And is that all your reason for it,
Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir; I have a Precedent for it besides.
A Person of Honour, and a *Scholar*, brought in his
Funeral just so: And he was one (let me tell you)
that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as
any Man in England, I'gad.

Johns. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

Bayes. I'gad, but I have another Device, a Fro-
lick, which I think yet better than all this; not
for the Plot or Characters, (for in my Heroic
Plays I make no difference, as to those Matters)
but for another Contrivance.

Smith. What is that, I pray?

Bayes. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that
cannot possibly, I'gad, be acted in less than a
whole Week, and I'll speak a bold word, it shall
drum, trumpet, shout, and battle, I'gad, with any
the most Warlike Tragedy we have, either An-
cient or Modern.

Johns. Ay, marry, Sir; there you say something.

Smith.

Smith. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same Frolick of yours?

Bayes. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For Example: they divided their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please: now, I would very fain know what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please;

Johns. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own Works, 'tis very hard.

Bayes. That is my Sence. And then, Sir, this Contrivance of mine has something of the Reason of a Play in it too: for as every one makes you five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every Day a new thing.

Johns. Most admirably good, i'faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

Bayes. Ay, Sir, I know that; there's the main Point. And then upon *Saturday*, to make a close of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that sums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.

Johns. That Consideration, Mr. Bayes, indeed I think, will be very necessary.

Smith. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

Bayes. The Third Week.

Johns. I vow you'll get a world of Money.

Bayes. Why, faith, a Man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new Device. P'gad, you'll never do it; for this Age (take it on my word) is somewhat hard to please. But there's one pretty odd Passage, in the last of these Plays which may be executed two several ways, where in I'd have your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Johns.

Johns. What is't, Sir?

Bayes. Why, Sir, I make a Male Person to be in Love with a Female.

Smith. Do you mean that, Mr. Bayes, for a new thing?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at last that she consents to his Love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a Passion as he lov'd her, she kill'd her self. Now my Question is, which of these two Persons should suffer upon this occasion?

Johns. By my troth, it is a very hard Case to decide.

Bayes. The hardest in the World, I gad, and has puzzled this Pate very much. What say you, Mr. Smith?

Smith. Why truly, Mr. Bayes, if it might stand with your Justice now, I would spare 'em both.

Bayes. I gad, and I think---ha---why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her self. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

Enter a Funeral, with the two Usurpers and Attendants.

Lay it down there: no, no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the Funeral Pile; and let our Grief

Receive from its Embraces some Relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her Breath,

And, in Life's stead, to leave us nought but Death?

The World discovers now its Emptiness,
And, by her Loss, demonstrates we have less.

Bayes. Is not this good Language, now? is not
that Elevate? 'Tis my *non ultra*, I gad. You must
know they were both in love with her.

Smith. With her? with whom?

Bayes. Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

Smith. *Lardella*? Ay, who is she?

Bayes. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drumcansfir*: A La-
dy that was crown'd at Sea, and had a Wave for
her Winding-sheet.

K. Ush. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,

Behold the Tragick Issues of our Love,

Pry up, linking under Grief and Pain,

For thy being cast away upon the Main.

Bayes. Look you now, you see I told you true.

Smith. Ay, Sir, and I thank you for it, very
kindly.

Bayes. Ay, I gad, but you will not have Pa-
tience; honest Mr. ----- you will not have
Patience.

Johns. Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that *Drumcansfir*?

Bayes. Why, Sir, a fierce Hero, that frights his
Mistress, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does
what he will, without regard to Numbers, good
Manners, or Justice.

Johns. A very pretty Character!

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, I thought your Heroes
had ever been Men of great Humanity and Justice.

Bayes. Yes, they have been so; but for my part
I prefer that one Quality of singly beating of whole
Armies above all your Moral Virtues put together.
I gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zounds,
why don't you read the Paper? (To the Player)

K. Phys. O, cry you mercy. (Goes to take the Paper)

Bayes. Pish! nay you are such a Fumbler. Come

The Rehearsal.

51

I'll read it my self. (*Takes a Paper from off the Coffin.*) Stay, it's an ill Hand: I must use my Spectacles. This, now is a Copy of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pin'd upon her Coffin, and so read by one of the Usurpers who is her Cousin.

Smith. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

Bayes. And what do you think now I fancy her to make Love like, here, in the Paper?

Smith. Like a Woman: what should she make Love like?

Bayes. O' my word you are out tho', Sir; I'gad, you are.

Smith. What then? like a Man?

Bayes. No, Sir, like a Humble Bee.

Smith. I confess, that I should not have fancy'd.

Bayes. It may be so, Sir. But it is, tho' in order to the Opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the Transmigration of the Soul.

Smith. Very fine!

Bayes. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Cousin King Phys.*

Smith. That's a little too familiar with a King, tho', Sir, by your Favour, for a Humble Bee.

Bayes. Mr. *Smith*, in other things, I grant your Knowledge may be above me? but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better: it has been longer my Practice; it has indeed, Sir.

Smith. Your Servant, Sir.

Bayes. Pray mark it.

Since Death my Earthly part will thus remove,

(*Reads*)
I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste Love:

With silent Wings I'll follow you, dear Couz;

Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams, b'z.

And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
And Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum;
For Sound, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

Smith. (After a Pause.) Admirably!

Bayes. At Night, into your Bosom I will creep,
And buz but softly if you chance to sleep:
Yet in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
And then, both hum and buz before your Eye.

Johns. By my troth, that's a very great Promise.

Smith. Yes, and a most extraordinary Comfort to boot.

Bayes. Your Bed of Love from Dangers I will free;

But most from Love of any future Bee.

And when with Pity your Heart Strings shall crack,
With empty Arms I'll bear you on my Back.

Smith. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

Bayes. Ay, I'gad, but is not that *suant* now, ha?
is it not *suant*? Here's the End.

Then at your Birth of Immortality,

Like any winged Archer, hence, I'll fly?

And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

Johns. O rare! This is the most natural, refin'd
Fancy, that ever I heard, I'll swear.

Bayes. Yes, I think, for a dead Person, it is a
good-enough way of making Love: for being dis-
vested of her Terrestrial part, and all that, she
only capable of these little, pretty Amorous De-
signs, that are Innocent, and yet Passionate. Come
draw your Swords.

K. Phys. Come Sword, come sheath thy self with
in this Breast,

Which only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

K. Vsh. Come, Dagger, come, and penetrate the
Heart,

Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Ente

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands

At Pallas's Commands:

For the supposed Dead, O Kings,

Forbear to act such Deadly things.

Lardella lives; I did but try

If Princes for their Loves could die.

Such Celestial Constancy

Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be:

And from these Funeral Obsequies

A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

(The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.

Bayes. So, take away the Coffin. Now it's out.

This is the very Funeral of the Fair Person which
Volscius sent word was dead, and Pallas, you see has
turn'd it into a Banquet.

Smith. Well, but where is this Banquet?

Bayes. Nay, look you, Sir, we must first have a
Dance, for Joy that Lardella is not dead. Pray,
Sir, give me leave to bring in my things properly,
at least.

Smith. That, indeed, I had forgot: I ask your
pardon.

Bayes. O, d'ye ye so, Sir? I am glad you will
confess your self once in an Error, Mr. Smith.

D A N C E.

K. Vsh. Resplendent Pallas, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer Mind:

And since to thee Lardella's Life we owe,

We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow,

K. Phys. Well, since alive Lardella's found,

Let, in full Bowls, her Health go round.

(The two Usurpers take each of them a Bowl in
their hands.

K. Vsh. But where's the Wine?

Pal. That shall be mine.

C 3

Lo,

Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest Wine of France:
(Fills the Bowls out of her Lance.

And, to appease your Hunger, I
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye:
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheese, (*vanish* Pallas.

Bayes. There's the Banquet. Are you satish'd
now, Sir?

Johns. By my troth, now, this is new, and more
than I expected.

Bayes. Yes, I knew this would please you: for
the chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your Expecta-
tion, and then bring you off some extraordinary
way.

Enter Drawcansir.

K. Phyl. What Man is this, that dares disturb
our Feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that Drink
dares die,

And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I

Johns. That is, Mr. Bayes, as much as to say,
that tho' he would rather die than not drink, yet
he would fain drink for all that too.

Bayes. Right; that's the Conceit on't.

Johns. 'Tis a marvellous good one, I swear.

Bayes. Now there are some Criticks that have ad-
vis'd me to put out the Second *Dare*, and prink
Must in the place on't; but, I gad, I think 'tis bet-
ter thus a great deal.

Johns. Who? a thousand times.

Bayes. Go on, then.

K. Vsh. Sir, if you please, we should be glad to
know,

How long you here will stay, how soon you'll
go.

Bayes.

Bayes. Is not that now like a well-bred Person, I gad? so Modest, so Gent.

Smith. O, very like.

Draw. You shall not know how long I here will stay;

But yo shall know I'll take your Bowls away.

(Snatches the Bowls out of the Kings hands, and drinks 'em off.)

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, is that (too) Modest and Gent?

Bayes. No, I gad, Sir, but it's Great.

K. Vsh. Tho', Brother, this grum Stranger be a Clown,

He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down,

Draw. Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think,

I'll stare away his very Pow'r to drink.

(The two Kings sneak off the Stage, with their Attendants.)

I drink, I huff, I strut, look big, and stare;

And all this I can do, because I dare. *(Exit.)*

Smith. I suppose, Mr. Bayes, this is the first Hero you spoke of.

Bayes. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in the last Act, win above a dozen Battles, one after another, I gad, as fast as they can possible come upon the Stage.

Johns. That will be a sight worth the seeing indeed.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, why do you make the Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Bayes. Phoo! that is to raise the Character of Draw anstr.

Johns. O' my word, that was well thought on.

Bayes. Now, Sirs, I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

Smith. And pray, Sir, what's your Design in this Scene?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my Design is gilded Truncheons, forc'd Conceit, smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I'gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—a—nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

Smith. Why fill the Stage?

Bayes. O, Sir, because your Heroick Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCENE II.

Enter Prince Prettyman, and Prince Volscius.

Nay, hold, hold; pray by your Leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out, because they are not Love with the same Woman.

Smith. Not in Love! you mean, I suppose, because they are in Love, Mr. Bayes?

Bayes. No, Sir; I say not in Love: there's a new Conceit for you. Now speak.

Pres. Since Fate, Prince Volscius, now has found the way

For our so long'd for meeting here this Day,

Lend thy Attention to my grand Concern.

Volsc. I gladly would that Story from thee learn;

But thou to Love dost, *Prettyman*, incline:

Yet Love in thy Breast, is not Love in mine?

Bayes. Antithesis! Thine and mine.

Pres. Since Love it self's the same, why should it be

Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

Bayes. Reasoning! I'gad, I love Reasoning in Verse.

Volsc.

Volf. Love takes, *Camelion-like*, a various Dye
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

Bayes. *Simile!*

Prer. Let not thy Love the Course of Nature
fright:

Nature does most in Harmony delight.

Volf. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the powerful God of Love?

Bayes. There's a great Verse!

Volf. If Incense thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.

Her Rosie-lips eternal Sweets exhale:

And her bright Flames make all Flames else
look pale.

Bayes. I gad, that is right.

Prer. Perhaps dull Incense may thy Love suffice;
But mine must be Ador'd with Sacrifice.

All Hearts turn Ashes which her Eyes controul:
The Body they consume, as well as Soul.

Volf. My Love has yet a Power more Divine;

Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:

Amidst the Flames they ne'er give up the Ghost,
But with her Looks, revive still as they roast.

In spite of Pain, and Death, they're kept alive:

Her fiery Eyes make 'em in Fire survive.

Bayes. That is as well, I gad, as I can do.

Volf. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

Bayes. Civil, I gad.

Prer. I'll sooner have a Passion for a Whale:

In whose vast Bulk, tho' store of Oyl doth lye,

We find more Shape, more Beauty in a Fly.

Smith. That's uncivil, I gad.

Bayes. Yes; but as far a fetch'd Fancy, tho' I gad,
as e'er you saw.

Volf. Soft, *Prettyman*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect Love, defame Love's Excellence.

Parthenope is sure, as far above
All other Loves, as above all is Love.

Bayes. Ah! I gad that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

Bayes. Now mark.

Vols. Were all Gods join'd, they could not hope
to mend

My better Choice: for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themselves, Un-god themselves to
see.

Bayes. Now the Rant's a coming.

Pret. Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil?

I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

Bayes. Ah, Godsookers, that's well writ!

(Scratching his Head, his Peruke falls off.)

Vols. Could'st thou that God from Heav'n to
Earth translate,

He could not fear to want a Heavenly State,
Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it self so far excel,

She can transcend the Joys of Heav'n in Hell.

Bayes. There's a bold Flight for you now!
'Sdeath, I have lost my Peruke. Well, Gentlemen,
this is that I never yet saw any one could write, but
my self. Here's true Spirit and Flame all through,
I gad. So, so; pray clear the Stage.

(He puts 'em off the Stage.)

Johns. I wonder how the Coxcomb has got the
knack of writing smooth Verse thus.

Smith. Why, there's no need of Brain for this:
'tis but scanning: the Labour's in the Finger; but
where's the Sense of it?

Johns. O, for that, he desires to be excus'd: he
is too proud a Man to creep servilly after Sense,
I assure you. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why is this
Scene all in Verse?

Bayes.

The Rehearsal.

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Bayes. O, Sir, the Subject is too great for Prose.

Smith. Well said, i faith; I'll give thee a Pot of Ale for that Answer; tis well worth it.

Bayes. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil,

That single Line, I gad, is worth all that my Brother Poets ever writ. Let down the Curtain.

(Exeunt.)

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Bayes. NOW, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say,

I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever England saw: I mean not for words, for those I do not value; but for State, Shew, and Magnificence. In fine, I'll justifie it to be as grand to the Eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry the Eighth*, and grander too, I gad; for instead of two Bishops, I bring in here, four Cardinals.

(The Curtain is drawn up, the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Prettyman, Prince Volscius, Amaryllis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Herald and Sergeants at Arms with Maces.)

Smith. Mr. Bayes, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps?

Bayes. Why, Sir, because-----By Gad, Sir, I won't tell you: your Country Friend, Sir, grows so troublesome!

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the Business of the Day.

K. Phys. Speak, Volscius.

Vol.

Volf. Dread Sovereign Lords, my Zeal to you, must not invade my Duty to your Son; let me intreat that great Prince *Prettyman* first do speak, whose high Preheminence, in all things that do bear the Name of Good, may justly claim that Privilege.

Bayes. Here it begins to unfold, you may perceive, now, that he is his Son.

Johns. Yes, Sir; and we are very much behold- ing to you for that Discovery.

Pres. Royal Father, upon my Knees I beg, That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

Volf. That Preference is only due to *Amaryllis*, Sir.

Bayes. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Avia. Invincible Sovereigns----- (*Soft Musick.*

K. Vsh. But stay, what Sound is this invades our Ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pres. Behold with Wonder, yonder comes from far.

A God-like Cloud, and a Triumphant Car :
In which, our two right Kings sit one by one,
With Virgins Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Vsh. Then, Brother *Phys.* 'tis time we should be gone.

(*The two Usurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.*

Bayes. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a Change as the other?

Smish. Yes, faith, you did so; tho' I confess, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

(*The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing, in white Garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.*

Bayes.

Bayes. Now, because the two right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune, and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 King. Haste, Brother King, we are sent from above.

2 King. Let us move, let us move :
Move to remove the Fate
Of Brentford's long united State.

1 King. Tarra, ran tara, full East and by South,
We sail with Thunder in our Mouth.

2 King. In scorching Noon-day, whilst the Traveller slays,

Busie, busie, busie, busie, we bustle along.

Mounted upon warm *Phæbus* his Rays,

Through the Heavenly Throng,

Hasting to those

Who will feast us, at Night, with Pigs Petty-toes.

1 King. And we'll fall with our Pate

In an *Olio* of Hate.

2 King. But now Supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Soldiers, to storm a whole Half-moon Pye.

1 King. They gather, they gather hot Custards
in Spoons,

But alas, I must leave these Half-moons,

And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

2 King. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray;
The Tide, like a Friend, has brought Ships in

our way,

And on their high Ropes we will play.

Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our

We'll frisk in our Shell,

(Shell,

We'll frisk in our Shell,

And farewell.

1 King. But the Ladies have all Inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of France.

Bayes.

Bayes. Is not that pretty, now? The Fiddlers are all in green.

Smith. Ay, but they play no Coranto.

Johns. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great deal better.

Bayes. No Coranto, quoth a! that's a good one, with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 King. Now Mortals that hear

How we Tilt and Career,

With Wonder will fear

The Event of such things as shall never appear.

1 King. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 King. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

3 King. So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford King*

To save the Distressed, and help to 'em bring,

That e'er a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,

He's here with a Whoop and gone with a Holla.

(Bayes plucks his Finger, and sings after 'em.)

Bayes. He's here with a Whoop, and gone with Holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjuror.

Johns. Ay, that would have been better.

Bayes. No faith, not when you consider it: for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

Smith. Thing? what thing?

Bayes. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir; what thing would you have?

Smith. Well; but, methinks, the Sense of this Song is not very plain.

Bayes. Plain? Why did you ever hear any People in Clouds speak plain? They must be all for flight of Fancy, at its full Range, without the least Check, or Controul upon it. When once you tie

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up Spirits, and People in Clouds to speak plain,
you will spoil all.

Smith. Bless me, what a Monster's this!

(The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and step into the Throne.)

1 *King.* Come, now to serious Counsel we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree; but first, let's have a Dance.

Bayes. Right. You did that very well, Mr. Cartwright. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that; be sure you do it always just so; for it must be done as if it were the effect of Thought, and Premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

Smith. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this Rogue; there's no enduring of him.

Johns. No, prithee make use of thy Patience a little longer: let's see the end of him now.

(Dance a grand Dance.)

Bayes. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford*; but since deriv'd, with a little Alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Herald.

1 *King.* What saucy Groom molests our Privacies?

1 *Her.* The Army's at the Door, and in Disguise, Desires a word with both your Majesties.

2 *Her.* Having from *Knights-bridge* hither march'd by stealth.

2 *King.* Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our Health.

Smith. How, Mr. Bayes, the Army in Disguise?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, for fear the Usurpers might discover them that went out but just now.

Smith. Why, what if they had discover'd them?

Bayes. Why, then they had broke the Design.

1 *King.*

1 King. Here, take five Guineas for those War-like Men.

2 King. And here's five more; that makes the Number ten.

1 Her. We have not seen so much, the Lord knows when. *(Exeunt Herald's.)*

1 King. Speak on, brave *Amaryllis*.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, Blame not my modesty, If at this grand Conjunction-----

(Drum beats behind the Stage.)

1 King. What dreadful Noise is this that comes and goes?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

Sold. Haste hence, great Sirs, your Royal Persons save,

For the Event of War no Mortal knows:

The Army, wrangling for the Gold you gave,

First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

(Exit.)

Bayes. Is not that now a pretty kind of a Stranza, and a handsome come off?

2 King. O dangerous Estate of Sovereign Pow'r! Obnoxious to the Change of every Hour.

1 King. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay: Perhaps these threatening Storms may pass away.

(Exeunt.)

Johns. But Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promise us, just now, to make *Amaryllis* speak very well?

Bayes. Ay, and so she would have done, but that they hinder'd her.

Smith. How, Sir, whether you would or no?

Bayes. Ay, Sir, the Plot lay so that, I vow to Gad, it was not to be avoided.

Smith. Marry, that was hard.

Johns. But pray, who hinder'd her?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, the Battel, Sir, that's just coming in at Door: And I'll tell you now a strange thing, tho' I don't pretend to do more than other Men, I'gad, I'll give you both a whole Week to ghes how I'll represent this Battel.

Smith. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, I assure you, Sir.

Bayes. Whoo! there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common Error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a Battel before Ladies, to have Men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

Johns. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

Bayes. Right. On the other side; to have a long Relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is it but dull Prolixity?

Johns. Excellently reason'd by my troth!

Bayes. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole Battel in the Representation of two Persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to Gad, you would swear ten thousand Men were at it really engag'd. Do you mark me?

Smith. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear tho', for all that.

Bayes. By my troth, but you would, tho', when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armour Cap-a-pe, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their Wrists, (which you know, represents fighting enough.)

Johns. Ay, ay; so much, that, if I were in your place I would make 'em go out again without ever speaking one word.

Bayes. No, there you are out: for I make each of 'em hold a Lute in his hand.

Smith.

Smith. How, Sir? instead of a Buckler?

Bayes. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more Questions, I make 'em, Sir, play the Battel in *Recitative*. And here's the Conceit. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a Warlike Posture: so that you have at once your Ear entertain'd with Musick and good Language; and your Eye satisfied with the Garb, and Accoutrements of War.

Smith. I confels, Sir, you stupifie me.

Bayes. You shall see.

Johns. But Mr. Bayes, might not we have a little fighting? for I love those Plays, where they cut and slash one another upon the Stage, for a whole Hour together.

Bayes. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *Recitative* first.

Johns. Ay, now, you are right: there is nothing then can be objected against it.

Bayes. True: and so, I gad, I'll make it, too, a Tragedy, in a trice.

(Enters, at several Doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap a-pe, with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his Sword drawn, and hung with a scarlet Ribbon at his Wrist.)

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou Lyeest.

Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm, what ho?

The Lye no Flesh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Aston*, with the Musqueteers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chesley* Curiafiers.

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boast of, *Chesley* Curiafiers,

Shall in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen.

Gen. Chiswickians, aged, and renown'd in Fight.
Join with the *Hammer-smith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'll find my *Mortlake* Boys will do
them right,

Unless by *Fulham* Numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the Left-wing of *Twickenham* Foot advance,
And line that Eastern Hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horse I rais'd in *Petty-Francis*
Shall try their Chance,

And scour the Meadows, over-grown with Sedge.

Gen. Stand: give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword,

Gen. That may be thine.

But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine Ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue; they fly
That first did give the Lye. *(Exeunt.*

Bayes. This, now, is not improper, I think, be-
cause the Spectators know all these Towns, and
may easily conceive them to be within the Domi-
nions of the two Kings of *Brensford*.

Jobns. Most exceeding well design'd!

Bayes. How do you think I have contriv'd to give
a stop to this Battel?

Smith. How?

Bayes. By an Eclipse: Which, let me tell you, is
a kind of Fancy that was never so much as thought
of, but by my self, and one Person more, that shall
be Nameless.

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What Midnight Darkness does in-
vade the Day,

And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd Prey?
Is the Sun weary of this Bloody Sight,

And winks upon us with the Eye of Light?

'Tis

'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,
To clap between me, and the Sun so soon,
Foolish Eclipse: thou this in vain hast done;
My brighter Honour had Eclips'd the Sun:
But now behold Eclipses two in one. (Exit.

Johns. This is an admirable Representation of a
Battel, as ever I saw.

Bayes. Ay, Sir. But how would you fancy now
to represent an Eclipse?

Smith. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

Bayes. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your sup-
pose: ha, ha, ha. Why you may as well suppose
the whole Play. No, it must come in upon the Stage,
that's certain: but in some odd way, that may de-
light, amuse, and all that. I have a Conceit for't,
that I am sure is new, and, I believe to the purpose.

Johns. How's that?

Bayes. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of
this out of a Dialogue, between *Phœbus* and *Aurora*
in the *Slighted Maid*: which by my troth, was very
pretty; but I think, you'll confess this a little better.

Johns. No doubt on't Mr. Bayes, a great deal better.

(*Bayes hugs Johnson, then turns to Smith.*)

Bayes. Ah dear Rogue: but--- a--- Sir, you have
heard I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is
nothing else, but an Interposition of the Earth, be-
tween the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse
of the Sun is caus'd by an Interlocation of the Moon,
betwixt the Earth and Sun?

Smith. I have heard some such thing indeed.

Bayes. Well; Sir, then what do me I, but make the
Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and
dance the Hey: hum; And, of necessity, by the na-
ture of this Dance; the Earth must be sometimes be-
tween the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between
the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your
Eclipses, by Demonstration.

Johns.

The Rehearsal.

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Johns. That must needs be very fine truly.

Bayes. Yes, it has Fancy in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in't too of a Joque, I bring 'em in all singing, and make the Moon sell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the Tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. *Orbis, O Orbis.*

Come to me, thou little Rogue *Orbis*.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. Who calls *Terra firma*, pray?

Luna. *Luna* that ne're shines by day.

Orb. What means *Luna* in a Vail?

Luna. *Luna* means to shew her tail.

Bayes. There's the Bargain.

Enter Sol, to the Tune of Robin Hood.

Sol. *Fie, Sister, fie; thou mak'st me muse,*

Derry, derry down.

To see the Orb abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move;

Since I shew'd it out of love.

Hey down derry down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,

Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To morrow soon, e're it be noon,

On Mount *Pesuvio*.

(Bu.

Sol. Then I will shine.

(To the Tune of Trenchmore.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And I will drink nothing but Lippary wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

(As they Dance Hey, Bayes speaks.

Bayes. Now the earth's before the Moon; now the Moon's before the Sun: there's the Eclipse again.

Smith. He's mightily taken with this, I see.

Johns. Ay, 'tis so extraordinary, how can he chuse?

Bayes. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other Battle, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken, you will see fighting enough.

(A Battle is fought between Foot and great Hobby-horses.

At last, Drawcanfir comes in and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the Battle is fighting Bayes is telling them when to shout and shouts with 'em.

Draw.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill;
 But I, the Blood of thousands daily spill.
 Let petty Kings the names of Parties know:
 Where e're I come, I slay both Friend and Foe.
 The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controul,
 And from their Bodies drives their trembling Souls.
 If they had wings and to the Gods could flie,
 I would pursue and beat 'em through the Skie:
 And make proud *Jove*, with all his Thunder, see,
 This single Arm more dreadful is than He. (*Exit.*)

Bayes. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. You may talk of your *Hector*, and *Achilles*, and I know not who; but I defie all your Histories and your Romances too, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcauf*.

Johns. I swear, I think you may.

Smith. But Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

Bayes. go off! why as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? why do you think the People here don't know they are not dead? He is mighty Ignorant, poor man; your Friend here is very Silly, Mr. *Johnson*, I Gad, he is, ha, ha, ha. Come, Sir, I'll show you how they shall go off. Rise, rise, Sirs, and go about your Business. There's go off for you now. Ha, ha, ha. Mr. *Ivory*, a word: Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. (*Exit.*)

Johns. Will you for then we'll be gone.

Smith. Ay, prithee let's go, that we may preserve our Hearing. One Battle more will take mine quite away. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Bayes and Players.

Bayes. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 Play. They are gone, Sir.

Bayes. Gone! 'Sodath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again.

1 Play. What shall we do now he is gone away?

2 Play. Why, so much the better; then let's go to dinner.

3 Play. Stay, here's a foul piece of paper of his. Let's see what tis.

3 or 4 Play. Ay, ay, come let's hear it.

Band. The Argument of the Fifth Act

3 Play

The Rehearsal

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3. *Play.* *Cloris* at length, being sensible of *Prince Prettyman's* Passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, *Prince Prettyman* meeting, by chance, with old *Jean* the Chandlers Widow, and remembering it was she that first brought him acquainted with *Cloris*, out of a high point of Honour, breaks off his Match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Jean*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: and *Prince Prettyman*, discontentedly, walks by the River side. This will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's begone. (Exeunt.

Most of the Play. Ay, pox on't, let's go away.

Enter Bayes.

Bayes. A plague on 'em both for me, they have m'ne me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of Senceless Raskals; that had rather go to Dinner than see this Play out with a Pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull Rogues? Come Mr---a--- Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter Stage-keeper.

Stage. Sir, they are gone to Dinner.

Bayes. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Stage. Why, an't please your Worship, Sir, the Players are gone to Dinner too.

Bayes. How are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner? I Gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the Honour to write for 'em, and all that and a company of Proud, Conceited, Humorous, Cross grain'd persons, and all that, I Gad, I'll make 'em the most Contemptible, Despicable, Inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world for this trick. I Gad I'll be reveng'd on 'em, I'll sell this Play to the other House.

Stage. Nay, good Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the company that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

Bayes. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Play and I shall go together, we will not part indeed, Sir.

Stage. But what will the Town say, Sir?

Bayes. The Town? why, what care I for the Town? I Gad, the Town has used me as fearfully, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too; for I'll Lampoon 'em

em all: And Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrift I am. And so farewell to this Stage, I Gad, for ever.

(Exit Bayes.

Enter Players.

1 Play. Come then, let's set up Bills for another Play.

2 Play. Ay, ay; we shall lose nothing by this I warrant you.

1 Play. I am of your opinion. But before we go, let's see Haynes and Shirley practise the last Dance; for that may serve us another time.

2 Play. I'll call 'em in: I think they are but in the Tying-room.

The Dance done.

1 Play. Come, come; let's go away to Dinner.

(Exeunt Omnes.

EPILOGUE

THE Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?

That Circumstance our Poet Bayes forgot,

And we can boast, 'tho'tis a Plotting Age,

No place is freer from it, than the Stage.

The Ancients Plotted, 'tho', and strove to please

With Sense that might be understood with ease;

They every Scene with so much Wit did store,

That who brought any in, went out with more;

But this New Way of Wit does so surprize,

Men lose their Wits in wondring where it lyes,

If it be true, that Monstrous births presage

The following mischiefs that afflict the Age;

And sad disasters to the State proclaim;

Plays without head or tail, may do the same.

Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdom's peace,

May this Pradigious way of writing cease.

Let's have at least, once in our lives a time

When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme;

We have these Ten years felt its Influence;

May let this prove a year of Prose and Sense.

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